had decided that the next should be about churches. "There is so much history in them, my dear," he had replied when Luella had questioned him. "They are a landmark in every country which illustrates its development through the ages."

It was the sort of remark her father always made, which left Luella thinking about it afterwards. Invariably, she realised, he had spoken perceptively.

Now he had left her and she was completely alone. She thought that only in the Cathedral could she work out quietly and without panic what to do next.

When her mother died of a fever a year before, she had thought her world had come to an end. But her father had turned to her for support and comfort, and she had known that she must dedicate her life to looking after him. Without her mother he was like a ship without a rudder. She understood then, even more acutely than she had before, how indivisible they each were from the other. Neither of them could live without the other.

In this last year she had watched her father grow weaker and weaker. She had been aware, without putting it into words, that he was slipping away from her. When he caught a cold through his insistence on going up to the roof of the Cathedral one chilly night, it had gone to his chest. It was then she realised that he was making no effort to recover. He was, in fact, counting the hours until he could be with his wife again.

In desperation Luella had sent for the most experienced doctors in Milan. They could do nothing but prescribe expensive medicines which her father refused

to take saying they would do him no good. Now when she wanted to weep because he had left her she knew she was crying for herself. Her father had no wish to live when his wife was no longer there beside him. "They are happy now," Luella thought, "but what about . . me?"

It was certainly a problem. She had paid for her father's funeral knowing she was spending all the money they had left. There was no more money in her father's account in the Italian bank and Luella doubted if there was anything left in England.

Because she had travelled with her parents ever since she had been born, she was practical, and she knew what she had to do. Her father had told her often enough that the British Embassies were there to help any British in trouble abroad. Luella was certain that the Embassy would provide her with her fare back to England.

Thinking about it, she realised she did not know, once she got there, where she could go. Her mother had run away to get married to her father. Her grandparents had been furious and had vowed they would never speak to her mother again. And as far as Luella knew, her father's family were scattered in different parts of England. Because he was continually travelling he seldom heard from them. She was not even certain whether or not his brother was still alive.

She regretted now that she had been so remiss in not finding out more about her relatives or at least learning their names. But, because she was always moving with her parents from one country to another,